

VOICES OF PEACE



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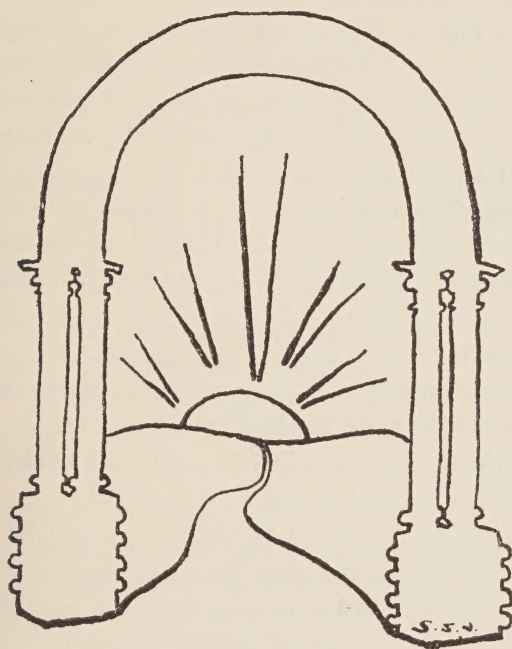
VOICES of PEACE

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LINES FOR SPRING

I

Gone,
Like the spring of yester year
That brought a million blossoms;
Withered now, and dead.

Gone,
Like the pure white snow that fell
Upon bare earth in winter;
Now a muddy stream.

Gone,
Like the joys that we once knew,
Or the smiles I had for you;
Long since turned to tears.
Gone.

II

Three days ago
It blossomed—lived,
The daffodil
That is no more.

Three days ago
Its fragrance was
Alive and sweet,
But now is gone.

Three days ago,
Its heart was light,
And then like mine,
Died over-night.

III

Be patient with me, dear, this spring,
If every green and tender thing
Will cause my tears to overflow;
You see—I love Spring so.

Be understanding with me, dear,
If every bird-song that I hear
Now breaks my fragile heart anew
And I forget a moment—you.

Send me to walk in quiet rain,
And I will be myself again.

LOTTI J. OSTERWIN,
Special Student

THE CHILDHOOD OF CHARLES DICKENS

As Reflected in "David Copperfield"

It is generally recognized that *David Copperfield* is autobiographical in many respects. J. B. Priestley points out that an intimate knowledge of his characters by an author gives them "a certain solidity" and a "psychological richness" that sets them above those characters which are "merely products of the imagination." To quote Priestley further in his discussion of Dickens' characters: "Comic characters must be long known and humorously and lovingly observed and pondered over." Perhaps therein lies the great charm of Dickens' comic characters, and of *David Copperfield* in particular.

The childhood of Charles Dickens furnished him with a wealth of material, which he incorporated in his greatest work. We shall briefly consider some of the more striking similarities between the life of Dickens himself and of his famous reflection, David Copperfield.

First I shall note what events in the childhood of Dickens were similar to events in *David Copperfield*. Charles Dickens was born in Portsea on Friday, the seventh of February, 1812. According to Robert Langton the birth of David Copperfield corresponds to that of Dickens. To quote from *David Copperfield*: "I was born . . . on a Friday, at twelve o'clock at night." Dickens was born to fairly prosperous parents of the great middle class of England; however, the family fortune was rapidly declining. The future novelist spent happy days at Portsea, watching the fisher-folk and learning their manners and customs. In *David Copperfield* this experience is brought in through David's visit to Yarmouth with Peggotty. According to Andre Maurois, "he (Dickens) was frequently taken to a neighboring tavern, where he was lifted on to a table and shown off as a performer to friends." David, although in different circumstances, was taken to an inn and exhibited in much the same manner by Mr. Murdstone.

The family soon moved to Chatham, where John Dickens had been given a position of less importance than his former one. Here Charles began his education by poring over old books which had been put aside by his father. David Copperfield likewise became interested in a little room, where "Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle, Humphrey Clinker, Tom Jones, The Vicar of Wakefield, Don Quixote, Gil Blas, and Robinson Crusoe came out." Many of Dickens' days were spent reading and he was sent to a small private school for a few months. Little David followed the same pattern.

A rapid decline in the fortune of the elder Dickens sent the family to a wretched section of London. Forster says that their home "was a mean, small tenement with a wretched little back garden abutting on a squalid court." Thus after the death of his mother David was taken from his school and sent to London to make his own living. Dickens'

own life corresponds exactly to this phase of young Copperfield's life. The Dickens family was finally sent to the Marshalsea, the debtors' prison, and young Charles was given a job at Jonathan Warren's blacking warehouse at Hungerford Stairs; in *David Copperfield* this became Murdstone and Grinby's Bottling Establishment in Blackfriars.

Dickens wrote in a fragment of autobiography: "It is wonderful to me how I could have been so easily cast away at such an age." In the novel we read:

It is a matter of some surprise to me even now, that I can have been so easily thrown away at such an age. . . . I became at ten years old, a little laboring hind in the service.

Then David Copperfield and Charles Dickens felt the same despondency and desperation brought down upon them by this lowly labor. Dickens wrote in another fragment of autobiography:

No words can express the secret agony of my soul as I sunk into this companionship; compared these everyday associates with those of my happier childhood; and felt my early hopes of growing up to be a learned and distinguished man, crushed in my breast. The deep remembrance of the sense I had of being utterly neglected and hopeless; of the shame I felt in my position; . . . cannot be written.

This same passage is to be found in *David Copperfield*, with the exception that David speaks of his friends at school while Dickens was yet to experience life in an academy.

The section of *David Copperfield* describing David's life in London is so realistic and pathetic that the reader immediately feels as if the author must have had an intimate contact with the streets of London under similar circumstances. Both the novelist and his David worked in tumble-down warehouses, lived in shabby boarding-houses, and visited the Marshalsea and the King's Bench Prison, respectively. Ward writes:

Who can forget the thrill with which he first learned the well-kept secret that the story of the solitary child left a prey to the cruel chances of the London streets was an episode in the life of Charles Dickens himself? . . . Murdstone and Grinby's wine warehouse down in Blackfriars was Jonathan Warren's blacking warehouse at Hungerford Stairs . . .; and the bottles he had to paste over with labels were in truth blacking-pots. But the menial work and the miserable pay, the uncongenial companionship during worktime, and the speculative devices of the dinner-hour were the same in each case.

As to the "speculative devices of the dinner-hour," we find in *David Copperfield* quaint passages concerning the inns and wine-houses in

which David, like Dickens, ate meager repasts. William J. Long says of this period of Dickens' life:

It is a heart-rending picture, this sensitive child working from dawn till dark for a few pennies, associating with toughs and waifs in his brief intervals of labor; but we can see in it the sources of that intimate knowledge of the hearts of the poor and outcast which was soon to be reflected in literature and to startle all England by its appeal for sympathy.

Months were spent by both Charles and David in the weekly round of skimping and drudgery.

Finally a small sum of money was inherited by John Dickens, and the family left the prison. Charles persuaded his father to send him to school, and the first attempt to give the forlorn little boy an education was made. He was enrolled in Wellington Academy, which was under the proprietorship of a Mr. Jones. David, also, left his London streets for school, but he had already been to an academy of the type to which Dickens was now to go. David was sent by Betsey Trotwood to school in Canterbury, while Dickens actually went to Wellington Academy. Most biographers of Dickens conclude his childhood with the school-days, for it was soon after he left Wellington Academy that he reached his majority.

Much of Dickens' youth was spent in the fishing village of Portsea. It was here that he gained his material for the Yarmouth of *David Copperfield*. His descriptions of Yarmouth, its sea and its people, are saturated with the atmosphere with which he became familiar as a child. The town of Chatham also held a great fascination for him as a child, and he refers to it several times in *David Copperfield*.

The most impressive scenes of his childhood were probably those of London. The debtors' prison, the shops of pawnbrokers, the inns, the markets, the warehouses, and the whole wretched life of Lant Street are transmuted into David's London. The debtors' prison in particular cast a large shadow over the happiness of Dickens. He wrote the following as a personal experience long before he thought of writing *David Copperfield*:

My father was waiting for me in the lodge, and we went to his room (on the top story but one), and cried very much. And he told me, I remember, to take warning by the Marshalsea, and to observe.

This quotation may be compared with one from *David Copperfield*:

Mr. Micawber was waiting for me within the gate, and we went up to his room (top story but one), and cried very much. He solemnly conjured me, I remember, to take warning by his fate; and to observe.

André Maurois writes that it was not known that Dickens had really experienced such humiliation until he made a confession of it to John Forster, later to be his biographer. Writes Maurois: "It was not until later that he was able, in the guise of a novel, to unburden himself; and that novel was to be his best book—*David Copperfield*."

The description of the prison in *David Copperfield* is lightened by humor. The neighborliness of the prisoners and the strange comfort of the family is stressed. Many biographers feel that the careless attitude assumed towards prison life was to cover the great shame that he really felt during these early days.

Mr. Micawber is generally recognized as being a characterization of the elder Dickens. Priestley says of this character:

There strolled magnificently through all the memories of his childhood and youth one extraordinary figure, his father, John Dickens, and it was he who became Mr. Micawber.

Priestley also states that "nature herself laid the foundation (for the character of Micawber) and was responsible for the structure." Priestley feels that Mr. Micawber is the greatest comic figure in English literature.

Mr. Micawber filled the same type of position that John Dickens had held at Portsea. To quote from Dickens: "I know that I believe to this hour that he was in the Marines once upon a time." In reference to this character's similarity to John Dickens, Fitzgerald writes:

The rotund phraseology that is so diverting in the story was not in the least an exaggeration. I can show convincingly with what acuteness his son had analyzed all the flourishings and turns of thought.

Fitzgerald also states that the letters of the elder Dickens could easily be substituted for those of Mr. Micawber, for they are "thoroughly *Micawberian* in phrase and character." John Dickens was a man who never attempted to combat misfortune, but always hoped for "something to turn up." Mr. Micawber did likewise and "turn up" was his favorite expression. The elder Dickens' moods were mercurial; he was downcast one moment and jovial the next. Nothing could be more amusing than the tear-stained letters of Mr. Micawber telling of his arrest, and his jovial recovery. As Dickens wrote for David:

I was so shocked by the contents of this heart-rending letter, that I ran off directly towards the little hotel with the intention of taking it on my way to Dr. Strong's and trying to soothe Mr. Micawber with a word of comfort. But, half-way there, I met the London coach with Mr. and Mrs. Micawber up behind; Mr. Micawber, the very picture of tranquil enjoyment, smiling at Mrs. Micawber's conversation, eating walnuts out of a paper bag, with a bottle sticking out of his breast pocket.

Mr. Micawber would threaten to kill himself with his razor and ten minutes later would be delighting in a repast of chops and ale. Dickens, although he laughed at his father's actions, loved him for his joviality and genuine kindness. With this love in his heart, he is able to paint skillfully that bane of all creditors and that patron of milk-punch—Mr. Micawber.

Mrs. Micawber is also an excellent character. Priestley writes of her:

Though buffeted by the world, pursued by duns, hampered by her ever-increasing family, at odds with her relatives, she will never desert Mr. Micawber.

She is given some of the traits of Mrs. John Dickens. They both possessed "increasing families," which were constantly needing all of their attention. Forster relates that Mrs. Dickens decided at one time to set up a school and "a large plate on the door" announced Mrs. Dickens' Establishment. Dickens himself records: "Nobody ever came to the school, nor do I recollect that anybody ever proposed to come, or that the least preparation was made to receive anybody." In *David Copperfield* we read of Mrs. Micawber's attempts:

The centre of the street-door was perfectly covered with a great brass plate, on which was engraved "Mrs. Micawber's Boarding Establishment for Young Ladies"; but I never found that any young lady had ever been to school there . . . or that the least preparation was ever made to receive any young lady.

Mrs. Dickens and Mrs. Micawber made the best of the terrible situations in which they became entangled, and enjoyed, as much as their respective husbands, the least good fortune that came to them. We might also note that the Dickens family had a maid who had come from Chatham Workhouse. She called herself an "orfling" and was very faithful to the family. In *David Copperfield* the Micawbers are similarly blessed with "a orfling" from St. Luke's workhouse. Of the Micawber and Dickens families W. J. Long writes: "In the picture of the Micawber family, with its tears and smiles and general shiftlessness, we have a suggestion of Dickens' own family life."

The childhood of Charles Dickens, although it was not a very happy one, furnished a wealth of experiences, scenes, and acquaintanceships, which add truth and vitality to *David Copperfield*. To quote again from Adolphus Ward:

Nothing will ever destroy the popularity of a work of which it can truly be said that . . . its author put into it his life's blood.

LURA SELF, '40



THAT'S A GARDEN

A place where I can go to talk to the
flowers in the spring, the birds in the
Summer, the squirrels in the fall, and the
snow in the winter; a place where I can
Go when some sorrow has taken its abode
in my soul—that's a garden.

NANCY EARLY, '40

THE CAPTURE OF FORT FISHER

In the latter part of 1864 Wilmington and Charleston were the only two ports which remained to the Confederacy. Mrs. J. A. Fore in an article in the *Uplift* for December, 1928, puts it thus: "In the last year of the war, after the ports of Mobile, Vicksburg, and Savannah had been closed and Charleston was so blockaded as to be virtually closed, Wilmington was the sole open port through which the starving Confederacy could secure the means of existence and the wherewith to carry on the war."

The most important defense which guarded the port of Wilmington was Fort Fisher, located at the New Inlet entrance to the Cape Fear River on the peninsula known as Confederate Point. An expedition against Fort Fisher had long been in contemplation. The northward march of Sherman would cut off Charleston from the Confederacy and the National Government desired to complete its work by capturing the port of Wilmington. The army and navy worked together in this attempt. Fifty men-of-war under the command of Admiral Porter and 6,500 men of General Butler's forces arrived off the bar December 20, 1864. Mrs. Fore tells us that "General Grant designated the bombarding fleet as the most formidable armada ever collected for concentration upon one given point." The Confederates realized that it would be "a battle to the death." They had a total of 1,431 men. Before the attack was begun, General Butler conceived a plan for destroying the fort without loss of a single Federal soldier. An abandoned boat packed with powder was sent as near as possible to the shore and exploded. Butler expected that the shock would destroy the seaward face of the fort entirely, and perhaps bury the guns under great masses of sand. The explosion had little effect, however, except to illuminate the sky. Admiral Porter is quoted by Mrs. Fore to have said that "the explosion would stun the men, destroy the magazine and mound, cause the houses at Wilmington to tumble to the ground, and so demoralize the rebels that if they fought after that they had more in them than he gave them credit for." Hamilton in his *History of North Carolina* tells us, however, that the explosion "excited curiosity in the garrison at first, then amusement mingled with envy at the possession of such a store of ammunition as this sheer waste indicated."

On December 23, Admiral Porter brought his ships in as close as possible and subjected the fort to terrific bombardment. The garrison were driven from their guns into the bomb-proofs. Only the occasional report of a heavy cannon told that the fort was still occupied. The original plan had called for an assault as soon as the fleet had silenced the guns, and seven hundred men had been landed from the army transports, but the weather was too rough to permit landing of more troops that day. The next morning Butler decided that Fort Fisher could not be taken by assault and sailed away, much to the disgust of the navy.

The North was greatly chagrined with the failure and determined to renew the attempt. The Confederate garrison was jubilant. There is an interesting incident told of the part the women of Wilmington played in this great battle. I quote from Mrs. Lura Le Grand :

The watch at Fort Fisher had reported cargoes of food from Nassau and cargoes of death from the Federal crescent, but he had never sighted a ship so strangely laden as that which came down the river the morning of December the twenty-sixth, 1864 . . .

The twenty-sixth was one of those surprising spring-like days which so liberally cheer our winters, and to the watching sentry the cruisers so still in their crescent formation seemed only a part of the back-drop of sky and water. Then coming gaily down the river was this strange craft, bearing sympathy, hope, and good cheer for soldiers who could not leave their post even for Christmas Day.

Chatting and waving on deck, their arms laden with bundles and hampers, came the women of Wilmington bringing Christmas to their defenders.

After the first bombardment, new defenses were arranged, new guns put in position, and changes made in Fort Fisher. General Bragg, who had command of the troops around Wilmington, withdrew all forces supporting the fort to the north of the town; and even though it was well known that the fort was again to be attacked, did not send them back. Hamilton states that "when the attack was finally made, he (Bragg) deliberately and shamefully withheld the aid that would in all probability have saved the fort, and with a determination that contained not a vestige of courage, prepared to retreat hastily from Wilmington."

On January 13, 1865, a new Federal force under the command of General Terry landed on the shore above Fort Fisher. Terry's army was four times stronger than Lamb's Confederates. At the early dawn of the fifteenth the attack was begun. The ships were again arranged in a great semi-circle and they poured their fire upon the fort, dismantling guns, driving the garrison to the bomb-proofs, and mowing down the stockade. Sailors and marines were landed on the beach. They were to attack the sea-wall while the army attacked the land face. There was silence, then the shrill scream of whistles from the fleet—the signal for assault. The sailors on the beach dashed forward and Terry's troops advanced toward the other side. While the sharp-shooters and the navy occupied the attention of the defenders, Terry's forces dashed forward and dug trenches within five hundred yards of the fort. The fire of the Confederates was concentrated on the marines and sailors, and they were finally repulsed. But while the attention of the Confederates was directed on them, the troops carried all before them on the other front. J. W. Abbott states: "Lamb turned from his direction

of the defense of the naval column to see three Union flags waving over other portions of the work . . . the Confederates were determined, even desperate." The garrison clung stubbornly to a bomb-proof even long after the fort was virtually in the hands of its captors. They finally retreated to Battery Buchanan, an adjoining defense, and maintained themselves stoutly until late at night; they surrendered only when all hope was at an end.

Wilmington, the last gateway between the Confederate States and the outside world, was closed. Quoting from Mrs. Fore: "When, on the sixteenth of January, the telegraph announced the fall of Fort Fisher, the Confederacy felt itself hermetically sealed. Wilmington, its last breathing hole, was closed."

CAROLINE NEWBOLD, '40

THE TWILIGHT HOUR

At eventide at peace I kneel to pray,
While out my western window still the sun
Glow faintly red, and as it fades then one
By one events file by; I view the day
In retrospect. There on my knees I stay
Until the dusk grows deep and night's begun—
The stars appear and twilight hour is done—
In joy or deep contrition there I say
My prayer. And when I rise a deeper peace
Than I have known before upon my soul
Descends. Each night hope, faith, and love increase,
Because once more my Master makes me whole:
Just for an hour my room has been a shrine,
And I have worshipped there my Lord divine.

MARION GREY BLACK, '39.

BLOOD-LETTING, AN ANCIENT ART REVIVED

One of the most popular therapeutic practices through the ages has been blood-letting. There are records and writings on its practice since before the time of Hippocrates down to our present day. It has been used at one time or another for practically every known disease, though in various periods there were doctors who discouraged its use. Blood-letting reached its peak in the late Middle Ages, when barbers took over the practice from the physicians, and the people were bled as regularly as their hair was cut.

Though blood-letting is used today to a much lesser degree than formerly, its practice in the treatment of certain diseases and inflammations is once more quite reputable. For the relief of stagnated blood on the right side of the heart, for lowering tension in the arteries, and for relief in convulsive attacks, its use has been of inestimable value. Another use, stranger perhaps, is in the treatment of pneumonia. There are certain stages in this disease at which blood-letting has proved quite beneficial.

The question of bleeding for pneumonia at once brings to mind George Washington, who, so it is believed, died because of excessive bleeding. Even before a doctor was called to his bedside he was bled. Then during the course of his illness his physicians venesected him four times, on the fourth extracting thirty ounces from his arm. He might truly be called a victim of bleeding.

Another victim of blood-letting, though he might more truthfully be spoken of as a victim of seventeenth century medicine, was Charles II of England. Loren C. MacKinney, in his *Early Medieval Medicine*, tells the story in the following manner:

Once upon a time a king, while shaving, fell unconscious in his bedroom. The following treatment was employed by the royal physicians: A pint of blood was extracted from his right arm; then eight ounces from the left shoulder; next an emetic administered. . . . Then his head was shaved and a blister raised on the scalp. To purge the brain a sneezing powder was given; then cowslip powder to strengthen it. Meanwhile, more emetics, soothing drinks, and more bleeding; also a plaster of pitch and pigeon dung applied to the royal feet. Not to leave anything undone, the following substances were taken internally: melon seeds, manna, slippery elm, black cherry water, extract of lily of the valley, peony, lavender, pearls dissolved in vinegar, gentian root, nutmeg, and finally forty drops of extract of human skull. As a last resort bezoar stone was employed. But the royal patient died.

The practice of blood-letting was put into the hands of barbers in the late medieval period. These barbers had their shops to which people went not only to have their hair cut, but to be bled and have their teeth pulled as well. The red and white striped barber pole of today dates back to this practice. When a man was to be bled he would grasp a stick and hold it out at full length to keep the arm stretched while bleeding. The barber pole represents the stick, and the red and white stripes denote the blood-stained bandage worn after the operation.

Many of the landed people of that day had their own private barbers who lived at the castle or manor house and regularly bled the family and servants. Sir Walter Raleigh had his, and it is recorded that he and all of his relatives and upper servants were bled monthly.

Bleeding was as universal on the Continent as in England. In Paris of the seventeenth century we find a certain Guy Patin who bled his wife twelve times for fluxion in the chest, his son twenty times for fever, and himself seven times for a cold in the head. It appears that they were none the worse for it.

Though there have been many victims, there have also been many beneficiaries of this long-popular panacea. As it is used in the future, more people will benefit, and the practice will lose the stigma attached to it in the last century.

BETTY LOU FLETCHER, '40

THE THREE GUINEA PIGS

In spite of all that the sentimentalists have written about the joys of childhood, everyone undoubtedly carries with him some unpleasant memory of early days. Though most of my childhood memories are pleasant, I am no exception to this rule. One of my most unpleasant recollections, which is not without its amusing aspects as I look back upon it, is the memory of Daddy and his periodical medicine sprees.

The first intimation that we three children, Edward, Ellen, and I, would have that the dreaded ordeal was at hand would be the sight of Daddy returning home with a suspicious-looking package wrapped in white paper and tied with red string, tucked innocently under one arm. Word having spread of our mutual danger, we three guinea pigs, as we rightfully labeled ourselves, would put our heads together, with the result that in some mysterious way the contents of that package would disappear. However, Daddy, knowing the nature of his offspring, was not to be perturbed or thwarted. With a few well-aimed questions he would soon obtain a full confession and the hateful cod-liver oil or yeast or other vile-tasting medicine would be retrieved from its hiding-place to supplant my bowl of pansies in the center of the dinner table. Any murmur on our part that the offensive medicine ruined our appetites would be met by a disarming smile; the ominous bottle remained where it was. All through the course of the meal we would cast fearful glances in its direction, dreading the moment when Daddy would push back his chair and, fixing a gleeful glance on me, would demand that I bring forth the three fateful soup spoons reserved for such occasions. The soup spoons were the compromise we had reached after much argument and debate. Daddy had held out for tablespoons, while we tearfully plead for teaspoons, until Mother, ever the mediator, finally came forward with the Great Compromise. I always made a point of taking as much time as possible to secure the implements, but putting off the evil moment only added to its horror.

When I at last made my entrance bearing the detested spoons, Ellen, the youngest of us three, would sink lower in her chair with a little

moan, while Ed would set his chin more firmly and make a conscious effort to control the distasteful grimace on his face. Daddy actually enjoyed all this, though he is far from cruel by nature. With elaborate ceremony he would measure a brimming spoonful apiece and pour it down each throat in turn, admonishing us with every dose to say, "How delicious!" As we gulped down the evil-tasting medicine, Daddy would unconsciously open his mouth for an imaginary spoonful and swallow with us, affording our sympathetic mother no end of amusement.

After we had all duly feasted upon this delicacy, Daddy would go into his usual long speech on the merits of the medicine in question, while we sucked a lemon or otherwise attempted to banish the disagreeable taste that still lingered in our mouths.

LOUISE STIREWALT, '40

FIVE POEMS

FIRST LOVE

Young love burned brightly, like a candle
Touched lightly at the tip with flame;
Young love burned out, like dampened matches,
And never learned to burn the same.

INFLUENCE

Your tear drops fall
And my world
Built so completely
Upon your joy
Crashes into ruin.

You smile and
Once again I see
The world through
Brightly washed windows
Because you're happy.

LIFE

To You, it's all a vision
 Of bright and shining glory
 Ornamented with glowing dreams
 Of fame, love, adventure.
 You're Youth.

To You, it's dull reality,
 The newness rusted, tinsel tarnished,
 Dreams fading with care, sorrow, and
 Routine leaving you disillusioned.
 You're Age.

To You, it's peace and joy and love
 With angels singing and the blessing
 Of His ever-enfolding arms
 Sustaining, surrounding, protecting you.
 You, You're Life Eternal.

HOPE

Despair, dejection, utter lack
 Of strength to try again,
 All are washed away
 As waves wash away shells
 From a sandy shore,
 And hope is kindled
 Like a new-born fire
 Of dry leaves and fresh pine,
 When a child smiles.

THE AWAKENING

I was rudely awakened this morn
 By the startling crash of mighty thunder,
 The sound of which was mingled with
 The turbulent pounding of torrents of water
 Beating my window-pane and calling me
 To greet a dull, gray, cheerless day.

I was gently awakened this morn by insistent voices
 Of baby raindrops softly tinkling
 Like tiny trembling Christmas bells
 Against my fresh-washed window,
 Calling me to rise and greet
 A freshly sweet, new, wet day.

FRANCES RAINEY,
 Tenth Grade

THE SKY IS A WOMAN

The sky is a woman. Sometimes she is gay, and adorns her blue dress with yards and yards of white lacy clouds. Her laughing eyes sparkle, and she dances around the bright green earth; admiring herself in dark, cool mountain lakes; flirting with tall, gray man-made buildings that reach up as if to touch her.

Sometimes she is deep and pensive. She loses herself in the gray clouds that weave like elusive thoughts across her melancholy brow. She wonders at the human race who rush from place to place below her, never realizing the vainness of their insignificant lives. She laughs at them sometimes, and at the funny, complicated games they play. At other times, when she sees hatred in their small hearts, she scolds and grumbles, and her dark eyes flash with lightning.

Often she is proud and haughty, realizing how far above the earth she is, how unattainable; and she grows pale and distant. But always her warm heart gets the better of her and she turns red with shame, so that all the earth is bathed in the rosiness of her blush.

She is weeping now. Not the tears of a jealous woman; not the tears of self-pity that a selfish woman sheds; but tears of tenderness; for in the spring every green and tiny thing sets her joyful heart a-tremble. She smiles through her tears, and radiant in the east, appears a rainbow.

LOTTI J. OSTERWIN

TWO SKETCHES

I. THE WAITING-ROOM

With a slow, halting gait, an old man rounded the corner toward the doctor's office. Heaving a little sigh and grasping his cane more firmly, he crossed the threshold of the waiting-room. Pausing a moment, he let his eyes drink in the scene that lay before him.

A half-smile played about his mouth as he noted the room which was so characteristic of the old country doctor. This room had an air of abstract negligence, yet there seemed to linger in it an atmosphere of dependability. The walls were dingy, and the room was dimly-lit by an antiquated drop-light hanging from the ceiling, its green shade faded by age. The ill-fitting carpet, which hid the rough-boarded floor, was worn thin. A smoky old stove sprawled in one corner, and beside it was a cretonne-covered wood box, piled high with aromatic pine.

An old mahogany table, battered and scarred, stood in the center of the room. Several much-thumbed magazines of last year's vintage were scattered over its top. A bedraggled couch stretched itself awkwardly along one side of the room. Over the couch, hanging from the picture-

moulding, was a heavy brown frame containing the doctor's "License to Practice."

Of the several chairs in the room, one in particular caught the old man's eyes. It was an old leather chair, and its friendly arms seemed to invite him. With an air of determination, he slowly walked toward it and painfully eased himself into its comforting depths. As he rested his arms on those of the chair, an enveloping peace seemed slowly to steal through his aching bones. The battered old felt hat slipped unnoticed from his limp hand to the floor. A glowing radiance lighted his face. He had entered Another Room.

II. THE YOUNG OLD DOCTOR

As he approaches from a distance, one can tell by his rugged appearance and brisk gait that his life is one of activity. He has the figure of a football player, slightly altered by three hearty meals a day for seventy years. He dresses immaculately, but more often than not he carries his gray Stetson in his hand, leaving his head, now bald and shining, unprotected.

As he comes nearer on the street, his handle-bar mustache immediately attracts one's attention. One suspects it to be his pride and joy, and to see him tenderly twirling the ends in a typical Gay Nineties' manner confirms this assumption.

When one meets him face to face, his eyes immediately command attention. They are not harsh or sharp—far from that; but their blue depths are undimmed by the years. From their clarity radiate kindness and tender sympathy. His greeting is always simple but sincere. His medicine is a tonic for ills of the body; and a talk with him is a sure-cure for ills of the heart.

ELLEN COCHRAN, '40

LOST STAR

I had a star in heaven,
A clear and tender light;
I walked beside the sea at dusk,
And waited for the night;

I searched the deep, blue heaven,
So quiet and so still,
Until I came upon my star—
And looked and looked my fill.

My heart sang like the ocean
A song so great and deep . . .
But now I cannot find my star—
With bitter tears I weep.
L. J. O.

CHARLOTTE HILTON GREEN

It was my first interview and I knocked rather timidly at the door of the little white house. However, when I saw the sweet-faced lady whom I was to interview my fears were somewhat lessened. Still breathlessly, however, I asked Mrs. Green my first question: "When did you begin writing?"

She smiled as she replied that her first article, one about wild flowers, was accepted by the *Ladies' Home Journal* in 1920. She has been writing nature articles and books ever since this event, and today Charlotte Hilton Green is known as one of North Carolina's outstanding authors.

As a school girl, Mrs. Green was interested in sociology, and gave little thought to science. It was during her first year of teaching in a New York country school that she began to study nature lore, for the school authorities required a course in nature study. *Reed's Bird Guide* and a book on trees were her only texts and these two volumes were shared with the entire class. Mrs. Green keeps them now as souvenirs of that first attempt at nature study. It was such a successful attempt that it was written up in school leaflets. After this Mrs. Green won a scholarship to Chautauqua Institute, where she studied birds and other forms of wild life. She has also attended the Audubon Bird Club in Maine several summers. Now she and other friends are reviving the State Bird Club here in North Carolina. She makes frequent trips to Lake Mattamuskeet, where many interesting forms of wild life are to be found.

We know Mrs. Green best for her weekly feature in the *News and Observer*, and for her book, *Birds of the South*, which is a favorite in our Peace library. Her latest book on trees is to be added to our collection as soon as it is released from the publishers.

When asked if she were planning any more books, Mrs. Green replied that she has several in mind, but it will be many days before these plans materialize. At present she is busy with plans for a new home. Her face glowed as she told me about the white colonial house which is to be built on an estate of forty-five acres. Mr. and Mrs. Green intend to make an arboretum and bird sanctuary of their backyard. They are specializing in flowering trees, and have already set out hundreds of dogwood, redbud, and other varieties.

"We are going to feature hawthorns because there are so many beautiful varieties in this country, although they are rarely seen," Mrs. Green said.

My visit with Mrs. Green ended with a trip to the site of her new home. As she showed me the little stream but recently cleared of a jungle-like growth, the many new plants, the young trees, and the birds which even in January had found a pleasant home, she exclaimed, "So that is why there are no more books at present."

CLAIRE FREEMAN, '39

PRAYER

If I should die, my Lord, tonight,
Then make tomorrow fair and bright.
Make all the skies like smiling eyes
Where joy and peace and beauty lies,—
The sun with golden glory rise;
Make fleecy clouds as pure and white
As sparkling snow in morning light;
Dart gayly far into the blue
And bring my soul, dear Lord, to you.

L. J. O.

STUDIO IN RETROSPECT

The students have now gone to lunch. I climb the narrow and creaky stairs to the studio. The odor of paint and linseed oil hangs in the heavy air. At the top of the stairs is tacked a dingy sign, "Classes in Painting and Drawing"; its edges are worn and its once gay, silver tint has turned black.

Through the narrow door I see a vast assortment of statuary, easels, and bottles of paint. The cold, gray light from the north windows augments the gray of the walls. Works in water color, charcoal, and ink are hung in disorderly profusion. Half-finished sketches on large sheets of paper are strewn around the floor. Venus de Milo is glimpsed in one corner. The easels stand in no certain order; the outline of a classic head blocks the entrance; another, showing a bunch of indefinite red flowers, is propped against the wall; while a third standing in the center of the room supports a finished portrait—the delicate, live mouth of the peasant woman shows the work of the master-teacher.

To my right is a long row of shelves. Boxes of paint, pencils, and note pads are kept here in jumbled array. Uncleaned palettes dotted with bright reds and yellows litter the chairs. In a far corner stand a

coffee pot and a small grill, and in another protrudes a half-open box of crackers flanked by a slab of cheese.

Beneath this generous disorder we divine a personality whose dominant characteristics are the love of beauty and the power to create it. Here for many years Peace students found an inspiration in the sympathetic nature and the strong, creative spirit of the artist-teacher, Mrs. Ruth Huntington Moore.

LURA SELF, '40

MY JOY IS IN THE COUNTRYSIDE

My joy is in the countryside

On a bright and tranquil summer's day,
To walk where nature's laws abide
And merry woodland creatures play;

To sit beside a trickling stream
Upon a little rustic bridge—
There quietly to sit and dream
While thrushes whistle from the ridge;

To lie where the long grass blows,
And gaze afar through the hooded pines
Where the spectral firefly glows,
And smell the dainty eglantine.

At last, when in the darkling east
Long purple shadows begin to stray,
I say to myself that I, at least,
Have spent a truly perfect day.

SIDNEY ANN WILSON,
Eleventh Grade

THE SPRING CONVENTION OF THE NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGIATE PRESS ASSOCIATION

The North Carolina Collegiate Press Association opened its Spring Convention of 1939 in Greensboro, on May 4. The convention was held at the O. Henry Hotel with Greensboro College and the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina acting as hostesses. Registration began at two o'clock on Thursday; delegates were enrolled from N. C. State, Duke University, Flora Macdonald, Elon College, Davidson College, Eastern Carolina Teachers' College, Lenoir-Rhyne, Queens-Chicora, Wake Forest, Saint Mary's, and Peace. The girls representing Peace were Lura Self, Betty Lou Fletcher, and Louise Stirewalt.

After the delegates had registered and deposited their luggage they were invited to Greensboro College, where a reception in their honor awaited them from seven-thirty to eight-thirty. By this time the business of getting acquainted was well under way, and a delightful business it was. Immediately after the reception the Convention moved *en masse* to the Y Hut at the Woman's College, where the delegates were guests of the Student Government Association at an informal dance from eight-forty-five until eleven o'clock. This was the close of the official schedule of entertainment, but we leave it to the imagination of our readers as to whether the delegates considered it as such. Let it suffice to say that there were some sleepy boys and girls abroad the next day.

Friday morning at nine-thirty the first General Meeting convened in the ballroom of the O. Henry Hotel. The speaker was Mr. Gerhard Becker, General Manager of the *Collegiate Digest*. In his address, "The College Newspaper," he emphasized the importance of the editor's leading his readers to get a clear view of world as well as of local affairs. At the conclusion of his talk the meeting was turned over to President Walter D. James, of Duke University. The Resolutions and Place Committees were appointed, with Steve Sailer from State College acting as chairman of Resolutions and Lura Self as chairman of the Place Committee. Reports on Progress of Publications were given; but as these chiefly concerned humorous magazines, Peace made no report. A motion was introduced to the effect that the entire Constitution be revised; but after a lengthy discussion it was decided that a few amendments would solve the problem, and the matter was turned over to the Resolutions Committee.

At twelve o'clock the delegates again assembled at the Woman's College, where they were served a delicious luncheon in the Home Economics Cafeteria. The speaker for the occasion was Dean W. C. Jackson, of the Woman's College, who spoke on famous editors of the United States, many of whom he has known personally.

At the conclusion of the luncheon the delegates returned to the O. Henry and went directly to the business of the afternoon. Four

Discussion Group meetings were held: namely, Editors of Annuals, with Vera Largent acting as leader; Editors of Newspapers, with Virginia Terrell Lathrop, leader; Editors of Magazines, with Carolina Gordon, leader; and Business Managers, with Margaret Neal, leader. Miss Gordon was particularly interesting. She spoke on "The Short Story," on which she is very well informed, since she herself is the author of several, as well as of the novels *None Shall Look Back* and *Penhally*. Miss Gordon is now teaching English at the Woman's College. At the close of the discussion groups, in which we all made considerable headway, the remainder of the afternoon was at our own disposal.

At seven-thirty we again met in the ballroom of the O. Henry for the big event of the Convention—the banquet. The guest speaker was none other than Mr. C. B. Driscoll, the author of the column "New York Day by Day," and executive editor of McNaught's Syndicate. Mr. Driscoll made a very enlightening speech on the duties of the editor and of the columnist. At the close of his address he answered a number of questions, and then the meeting was turned over to the president. The nominations for the officers of the following year were announced, as President James said, "to give you something besides the weather to talk about while you dance." Following this announcement came the long awaited awards for the annuals, newspapers, and magazines. The entire Convention was divided into two classes: Class A for the larger schools, and Class B for schools whose registration is under one thousand. Peace, being one of the smaller schools represented, fell into Class B. Our *Voices of Peace* won honorable mention, or the equivalent of second place, while *Pine and Thistle* of Flora Macdonald won first place. We may well be proud of *Voices of Peace*, because it was running in competition with magazines from four-year colleges.

At ten o'clock the delegates again assembled in the ballroom. The music was furnished by the Carolinians, but even in the midst of laughter and the little apple the purpose of the Convention was not forgotten. Many a good idea was passed on while the dancers were swaying to the rhythm of the "Three Little Fishes." The dance was over at twelve o'clock, but the night was not.

Saturday at nine o'clock the second General Meeting opened in the ballroom. The speaker of the morning was Mr. C. W. Phillips, Director of Public Relations at the Woman's College. He spoke on "Publicizing Your College Through Publications." Mr. Phillips illustrated his talk with the newspaper, handbook, catalogue, magazine, and annual from the Woman's College. Following his address, reports from committees were heard. Copies of the Constitution and amendments were distributed among the delegates, and after a short discussion, a number of amendments were accepted by the convention. The Place Committee reported that the fall convention would be held in Raleigh, November 1, with State, Saint Mary's, and Peace acting as hosts. The motion was

made and seconded that there be only one convention held per year. After a heated discussion the motion was put to a vote; as the majority of the delegates were not in favor of it, the association will continue to meet, as it has in the past, in both the fall and the spring. Mr. Romeo LeFort, the Executive Secretary, resigned, and Steve Sailer, a senior at State College, was unanimously elected as his successor.

The last matter to be considered was the election of officers for next year. They are as follows: President, Sherwood Staton of Wake Forest; First Vice-President, Lura Self of Peace College; second Vice-President, Emory Carpenter of Lenoir-Rhyne; Secretary, Rebecca Fulger of Greensboro College; and Treasurer, Jones Pharr of State College. The success of the fall convention will depend largely upon the students of State, Saint Mary's, and Peace.

LOUISE STIREWALT, '40

VOICES of PEACE

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EDITORIALS

"THE HAPPY WARRIOR"

As Commencement with its traditional solemnity approaches, the members of the graduating classes of Peace begin to think more seriously of what is ahead for each of them. Some seniors have already chosen their vocations; others are yet undecided as to their fields of work. In whichever group she may be, one thing is clear—each girl has high hopes that her "game of life" will prove a successful one. Whether she looks forward to the tranquillity of a happy home or dreams of a career, the Peace senior will have her place to fill somewhere.

Let each, then, no matter what her choice of a vocation, determine to be a "happy warrior" in her game of life, one who each day shall grow stronger and more fit, not satisfied with the past, but ever persisting in her attempt to excel her own record of the day before.

"Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpassed."

The truly "happy warrior" is one who, in spite of fame or the lack of it, gives his best to that cause which he has chosen for his own and finds a thrill in "each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!" To "strive, and hold cheap the strain" is his way of life. He cheerfully

meets each repulse as a means of helping him appreciate more fully the portion of joy which may be his lot.

“Whose high endeavors are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright . . .
This is the happy warrior; this is he
That every man in arms should wish to be.”

PHI THETA KAPPA

Peace is very proud to have installed this year a chapter of the Phi Theta Kappa, National Junior College Honor Society. Ours is the Gamma Phi Chapter.

“This honor society is a non-secret organization, and its object is to promote scholarship, to develop character, and to cultivate fellowship among the students of both sexes of the junior colleges of the United States.” Students to be eligible for membership must rank among the upper scholastic ten per cent of students enrolled in the college department.

There are five charter members of this society at Peace, and quite a number of others are now eligible for membership. Peace should have a representative group, and hopes to make this society a spur to those who have the ability to attain high scholastic standards.

SIGMA PI ALPHA FRATERNITY

On April the twenty-sixth was held the first meeting of the Theta Chapter of the Sigma Pi Alpha National Language fraternity. Organized through the interests and efforts of Dr. L. E. Hinkle of State College, and our own Miss Anne Raynor, it will serve to further the interests of its members in foreign life and culture. The Sigma Pi Alpha has taken a definite stand for honor and scholarship in language study. Its aims are unique in that it does not limit itself to one culture, but fosters the study of languages and civilizations throughout the world. It is the sincere hope of the fraternity that in this way a greater sympathy for the ideals of various nations may be developed.

We are proud to recognize the Sigma Pi Alpha fraternity, and believe that the presence of such a society will serve as an inspiration for higher scholastic standards at Peace. We are pleased to note that Miss Raynor has been elected vice-president of the state organization.

THE POEMS OF HENRY JEROME STOCKARD

The editors of *Voices of Peace* are glad to announce the prospective publication of *Poems*, by Henry Jerome Stockard, with decorations by Mabel Pugh. The Alumnae Association has issued a prospectus from which we quote:

"The name of Henry Jerome Stockard, in addition to being among the most noted of Southern Educators, stands high among the ranks of Southern poets. He was born in Chatham County, North Carolina, in 1858, and was educated at the University of North Carolina and Elon College, from which he obtained the degree of Master of Arts. Later, Wake Forest College conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Literature.

"Dr Stockard became Superintendent of Schools of Alamance County, North Carolina, and later was Assistant Professor of English at the University of North Carolina. In 1900 he resigned a professorship at Fredericksburg, Virginia, to become Professor of Latin at Peace Institute, Raleigh, N. C. In 1907 he was elected President of Peace, and he remained with this College until his death in 1914.

"Dr. Stockard was a poet of real genius as well as an educator of ability. His verse attained wide recognition. Dr. Stockard published two volumes of verse: *Fugitive Lines* and *A Study of Southern Poetry*, the latter being used as a textbook in schools and colleges. Poems of Dr. Stockard will be found in *Stedman's Anthology*, *Representative Sonnets of American Poets*, and *Songs of the South*.

"At the time of his death, Dr. Stockard had in preparation another volume of verse, and many people, particularly those students and teachers at Peace, who felt the profound impress of Dr. Stockard's fine character and intellect, are interested in seeing these last works published in book form.

"Decorations for the book have been made by Miss Mabel Pugh, a former student of Dr. Stockard and at present Art Teacher at Peace. Miss Pugh has attained wide recognition as an artist and, in addition to her numerous works in many mediums, has illustrated nearly a score of books. Miss Pugh is listed in 'Who's Who in American Art' and has achieved national distinction for her work in art. In view of Miss Pugh's association with Dr. Stockard and her present connection with Peace, her contribution to the volume will add considerably to its value."

The poems will be published by the Bynum Printing Company, of Raleigh.

The newly elected officers of the Papyrus Club are: president, Betty Lou Fletcher; vice-president, Ellen Cochran; secretary-treasurer, Harriette West.

The editor of *Voices of Peace* for 1939-'40 is Louise Stirewalt.

We, the retiring staff and officers of the Papyrus Club, should like to convey to the new staff and officers our best wishes for the coming year and our hope that they will have as splendid coöperation from the incoming juniors as we have had from them. To each and all, our hearty thanks.

Let us express here, too, our gratitude to those hard-worked sisters, the typing editor and her assistants, for their excellent service.

OH, YEAH!

You say that you are weary—
You, who are just sixteen.
You say that you are bored with clothes
And all the hats you've seen.

You say you don't like music;
You're tired to death of swing,
And operas with foreign names
To you don't mean a thing.

You say you don't like paintings,
They're old and out of style;
And as for reading heavy books—
It's just not worth the while.

You don't think much of travel—
You have no urge to roam;
Of all the places that you know,
The nicest one is home.

You say that you are doubtful
About the ways of man,
You don't believe a word they say;
No woman ever can.

You think your life is over—
For you it's just begun;
For once I felt the selfsame way.
I'm old; I'm twenty-one!

L. J. O.

EXCHANGES

Last month we mentioned the *Meredith Acorn*, the *Pine and Thistle* of Flora Macdonald, and the *Queens Blues* of Queens-Chicora. New copies of these publications have been received and are on display in the library. This month we have a number of new exchanges. We wish to express here our appreciation to these schools for the interest they have taken in exchanging publications with us.

The Tatler of Randolph-Macon Woman's College is one of the most attractive magazines we have seen. It is illustrated throughout with photographs and original drawings. Each issue of *The Tatler* contains some story, article, or poem selected from an old copy of the magazine. The fall edition, which is in our library, features a poem written in 1914 by Pearl Buck, who was then a student at Randolph-Macon.

The Agnes Scott *Aurora*, issued each season, is another interesting magazine. The illustrated stories, "Special: Two for a Dollar" and "Missionary" are especially good. There is also an interesting study by Jean Bailey on Shakespeare's use of fairies.

Both *The Salemite* and the Judson College *Triangle* featured April Fool issues of their newspapers. Their jokes and articles were original and highly entertaining.

The students of Lees-McRae College have recently begun publishing a weekly newspaper, *The Mountain-Ear*. The staff of the *Voices of Peace* wish to congratulate them on their success in this venture. In "Campus Close-Ups" each week an interview with a member of the Lees-McRae faculty is given. This should be helpful in promoting faculty-student understanding.

Campbell College's *Creek Pebbles* has an interesting account of the playwriting activities at that school. Plays are written and produced by the members of the playwriting class.

We have received several recent copies of *The Guilfordian*, the newspaper published by the students of Guilford College. This paper has been given a rating of "excellent," the highest mark possible, by the National Collegiate Press. We wish to express here our congratulations to the editors and the staff of *The Guilfordian* upon their fine achievement.

The applicant for a job as housemaid was being interviewed by the employment agent and was asked if she had any preference as to the kind of family she would like to work for.

"Any kind," she said, "except highbrows."

"You don't like to work for highbrows?"

"You bet I don't!" she said. "I worked for a pair of 'em once—and never again. Him and her was fighting all the time, and it kept me running back and forth from the keyhole to the dictionary till I was worn to a frazzle."—*Christian Observer*.

THE PEPPERPOT

SPRING FEVER

My headaches! my backaches! I don't want to study;
 The out-of-doors tempts me and books drive me nutty;
 The love bug has bit me,—
 Bad luck,—do you heed me?
 Exams. come next Thursday.
 O woe, woe to Dede!

DEDE BISCEGLIA, '39

Thanks to Miss Steele:
 "... and I got so mad that I told him in a few minutes he was going
 to be like Chase and Sanborn Coffee—dated!"

Miss Boswell, explaining her absence from breakfast: "The train
 before was behind, and I was behind before besides."

FROM THE LIBRARY SCRAP BOOK

Doctor: "I will examine you for ten dollars."

Patient: "Go ahead; if you can find it, I'll give you half."

Say it with flowers,
 Say it with sweets,
 Say it with kisses,
 Say it with eats,
 Say it with jewelry,
 Say it with drink;
 But always be careful
 Not to say it with ink.

Anon.

ME AND THE MOUSE

All is lonesome in this house;
 No one's here but me and the mouse.
 The mouse is scared and so am I;
 If he comes out I'm sure I'll die.

S. A. W.

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